Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
C fa ut, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
E la mi, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?
Kate. No shame but mine: I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure

I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marrie her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
Whatsoeuer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I knew him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a verie Saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio's* comming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no sir?
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?
Bion Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an olde ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with

Spauins